

Painter, Composer, Writer

WRITER

At first, I recognized objects. Even if distorted,
that's a rolled umbrella, a women's arm. But now...?

PAINTER

I paint. Ask the paint.

WRITER

Just finished story: ...waitress in Jersey City diner
dreams of meeting a Met.

PAINTER

Where can I puke?

WRITER

You won't when you read it.

COMPOSER

So, maybe the human always pokes in?
Doing a commission from a small German city.
To be performed in the Cathedral.

PAINTER

Big-ass organ like Bach?

COMPOSER

Funny you should mention him. He chased
a chambermaid in the wine cellar while service
ensued upstairs. It got to be my starting point.
I'm hearing the muffled resonances coming from
up there. Organ, preacher, shifting of the congregation...

WRITER

Will you let on in the program notes?

PAINTER

Nah. He'll get too far afield for that.

WRITER

Yeah, you'll coin some stupidity instead:
Poppies in Dusseldorf.

PAINTER

Too real. Gives too much. How about *Arrangement*?

WRITER

Too much a musical term already. *Rendering!*

COMPOSER

Premieres in a church, not a meat plant!